THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 4, 1808.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

*No.* 30.

TO THE EDITOR.

" Bella! bella! horrida bella!"

BEING rather fatigued lately in the course of an afternoon's excursion, I entered a village ale-house, in order to get some refreshment. The worthy landlady produced a mug of ale, and, by way of a stimulus to drinking, assured me 'twas some of her own brewing. Her husband had joined a party in the next room, consisting of some farmers, a shoemaker, a glazier, and a blind fiddler, with a wooden leg. As a dear lover of merriment, in whatever form it may present itself, I immediately introduced myself to the jovial company; resolving to observe such a degree of familiarity as to prevent a damp being thrown on their festivity. In this I completely succeeded, and by ordering an extra mug for the man of music, evidently heightened the general good-humour.

After some excellent ballads by the glazier, who was a notorious dab at singing, the cobler was called on for a hornpipe; Crispin readily consented; and in order to excite our admiration, he produced two tobacco-pipes, and crossed them on the floor, over which he capered with great dexterity, frequently placing both feet in the angles of this cross without at all disordering the pipes. A confusion of applause ensued, which made a forcible impression on this cobbling Vestris; and when he thought proper to conclude, his countenance betrayed the emotions of self-importance, and seemed to bid defiance to the astonished spectators.

Amongst uneducated rustics, and people of weak intellects, such frivolous accomplishments are highly estimated. Chevreau tells a story of a stranger that came to Lacedæmon to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan he told him, vauntingly, "*You* could not preserve that posture so long." "I know that," replied the Lacedæmonian, "but a *goose* can. Crispin, like this sage traveller, vaunted loudly of his skill, assuring us 'twas a *family* accomplishment, that had lineally descended from his great great grandfather, who was a parish clerk, and master of the village seminary. Partly stimulated by envy, and partly ambitious of a share of public applause, the glazier sprung suddenly up, and declared that if the landlord would but produce half a dozen eggs, he would perform such surprising feats as were never before witnessed. The host accordingly procured them, but requested the glazier's *expedition*, as they were ordained for *flip*, for some gentlemen in the adjoining room. The eggs were then placed on the floor so as to form a circle, and *Putty* immediately commenced his operations. Notwithstanding he was a man of bulk, he greatly excelled Crispin in agility; and the room again rung with the thunder of applause. But the *gentlemen*, who were by no means interested in our hilarity, began to call out vociferously for their flip. What was to be done? Putty continued his caperings with increasing vigour, and would have possibly amused us for an hour longer, had not the landlady made her appearance. Overcome with rage at these noisy proceedings, she darted at Putty like a fury, and soon laid him sprawling on the ground. The landlord, who was by this time *non se ipse* (tipsy) paid his beloved *rib* a similar compliment, and down she came bounce on the ill-fated eggs. Dreadful was the crash, and still more dreadful the consequence; for, springing adroitly on her legs (having a certain enormous rotundity, which shall be nameless, decorated with the yellow badges of demolition) she seized a tankard, and paid away most lustily over the face and eyes of the infuriated husband.

——————"The shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought."

The cobler and glazier, enjoying the sport, and hoping the wife would receive a handsome mauling, encouraged the landlord as much as possible—"That's my lad of *wax!* (cried Crispin) *bristle* up to her, Jack! *leather* her *soul* out." "Ay, (added Putty) that's my *diamond!* darken her daylights! close her peepers! work her pate into putty, my hearty." The contest was not of long duration, ere the massy tankard sen the landlord

landlord whizzing on his back; but unfortunately striking the poor blind fiddler in his descent, down *he* came also; the fiddle was dashed in pieces, and the wooden leg cracked short off. Crowdero, being a true Englishman, seized his demolished stump, and brandishing it on high, dealt many a furious blow on every one indiscriminately; by this means he at last broke one of Crispin's shins, who, in the agony of pain, fell foul of the fiddler, and would have threshed him to some *tune*, had not the glazier interfered. Here the uproar became general, and (excepting myself) the whole party were got by the ears. From the instinct of self-preservation, I had unconsciously reached the window through which I thought proper to make a precipitate retreat. The fight, however, did not last much longer, for at length (as Milton says)

> "Their mightiest quelled, the battle swerv'd,
> With many an inroad gor'd: deformed rout
> Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground
> With shiver'd armour strewn; and on a heap"
> The ragged rogues in dread confusion lay.

And there, Mr. Editor, I shall leave them to their meditations, whilst I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient,

X.

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FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

The surprise which reading and writing give the savages, who never heard of those acquirements, is shewn by a real incident which happened some years since in the back settlements of America.

A gentleman sent his slave with a basket of figs to his friend, with a letter telling him the quantity he had sent. Sancho ate a part of them by the way, which, on the reading of the letter, he was charged with; but he denied stoutly, saying "*If massa's letter say so, massa letter is a tam liar.*"—When his master sent him the next time with more figs, and a letter in which he told his friend the exact number contained in the basket, Sancho thought of an expedient how to eat the figs without detection; so setting down the basket, he placed the letter under a large flat stone, while he devoured a considerable part of the figs, laughing heartily all the while, to think how he had cheated *massa's letter*, which on taking out, he addressed in this manner: *Now you tam tief! you telley tale upon me again if you can.*" But when the letter was received, he was told the exact number of figs he had eaten, the truth of which made him

confess the foul fact; saying "*dat tam letter can see through a stone a foot tick.*"

V. U.

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*An Account of all the Corn Exported and Imported from* 1697, *when the Account was taken, to* 1765, *a Period of* 68 *Years.*

[Extracted from a Book on the Corn Trade and Corn Laws, 2d Edition, published by Brotherton, Cornhill, 1766.]

THE correctness of the above-mentioned book will not be disputed, as the result was laid before parliament, and, without doubt, occasioned by the then sudden alteration in the price of corn, and which has much fluctuated ever since.

Though the totals only are here set down, yet in the tables the exact amount of each year and each sort are specified, and further, the price of wheat and malt every year, from 1595 to 1765, collected from the college-books at Eton, according to Windsor market, which were found to be the most correct and regular of any.

| *Corn Exported from* 1697 *to* 1765, *a period of* 68 *Years.* | | *Corn Imported from* 1697 *to* 1765. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barley, | 2,543,096 *Qrs.* | Barley, | 75,216 *Qrs.* |
| Malt, | 13,653,186 | Oats, | 1,011,755 |
| Oatmeal, | 127,056 | Oatmeal, | 21,643 |
| Rye, | 2,488,206 | Rye, | 199,884 |
| Wheat, | 14,332,436 | Wheat, | 283,442 |
| | 33,143,980 | | 1,591,940 |
| Deduct, | 1,591,940 | | |

Which leaves 31,552,040 in favour of England.

N. B. The bounties paid on exportation from 1746 to 1765, a period of 19 years, amounted to 138,342l. 5s. 6d. per annum, much exceeding any former period.

| *The Average Price of Wheat, from Eton College Books.* | *Per Qr.* | *The Average Price of Malt.* | *Per Qr.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| From 1595 to 1686, | 1 18 0 | From 1595 to 1765, | 1 1 6 |
| From 1686 to 1726, | 1 15 9 | The intermediate times do not vary much. | |
| From 1726 to 1765, | 1 10 9 | | |

The difference is immense, allowing for the alteration in the value of money.

It

It is much to be wished the account was continued to the present time, though it is feared it would prove a sad reverse, yet the real state ought to be known, and the same means of doing it may easily be resorted to.

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## TRIAL *of* GENERAL WHITELOCKE.

(Continued from Page 247.)

THE next evidence examined was Major-General Gower, which occupied the whole of Tuesday, February 16. He said, "I proposed to Lieutenant-General Whitelocke the propriety of offering a cessation of arms, for the purpose of preventing the further effusion of blood; for this purpose we sent Major Roche into the town with a flag of truce, offering the conditions which were stated in the major's evidence of yesterday. I had instructions from the general to go and inspect the advanced parties. Major Roche repeated the result of his conference with General Liniers, announcing his determination to defend the town to the last extremity. The major observed, when it was suggested to take the town by assault, that the inhabitants were very numerous, every house was barricaded, and every man and boy under arms. Still the general opinion was, that an attack should be made, as in the then situation of things it was of great consequence for us to obtain the possession of it. This passed in the evening of the 4th; the next day, about twelve o'clock at noon, I sent again to summons the town, and on the refusal of General Liniers to surrender it, we made the attack." The general then went on to state the repulse of the troops, as already before the public. A pointed question was asked by Sir John Moore, which has been asked of all the witnesses—Did they recollect Lieutenant-General Whitelocke's being absent from head-quarters any time in the course of the two days, particularly on the 5th of July?—Yes; he was absent about half an hour at mid-day, and not more in the whole; the rest of the time was spent with the deputy quarter-master and adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, and the officers of his staff.

On Thursday, February 18, the court met at the usual hour, but, without proceeding to business, adjourned to Monday, on account of the absence of Lieutenant-General Lord Lake.

On Monday, February 22, Mr. Bullock, commissary-general to the forces, was again examined in respect to the state of the stores.

Major-General Gower's evidence on the 3d and 4th was resumed, but nothing new occurred.

Next

Next day Major-General Gower was again called in, and his examination proceeded on. After some questions of no importance had been asked, one was proposed that was reckoned so material in its bearing, at this stage, that the court was cleared on it. It went in nearly the words of the charge, " Is it your opinion that Lieutenant-General Whitelocke did personally, by his exertions or otherwise, do all he could to forward the attack on Buenos Ayres?" It should seem that the court ruled that the question should not now be asked, as one of a very different tendency was asked on the re-admission of strangers. It was " Did any thing, by conversation or otherwise, pass between you and General Whitelocke before or on the 4th of July, so as to produce an irritation in your mind?" " Yes, in an interview I had with the general, having not agreed with him in some of his proposals, he appeared heated, and said I was throwing cold water on every thing he wished to do.—I replied to this in terms that displeased him so much, that he said, were it not for his personal respect for me, he would supersede me in the situation I held on the staff. After being so stigmatized, I did not feel myself comfortable in any correspondence with the commander in chief."

Sir Samuel Auchmuty gave a narrative of the proceedings of his division, nearly similar to what has already appeared. He then proceeded: " When I reflect on the ungracious, not to say dangerous, situation in which the army was placed; the major part of the light infantry killed, wounded, or prisoners; that upwards of one half of my brigade were cut off; the 45th regiment shut up close; the remainder without confidence, and, at the most inclement season of the year, without blankets, great coats, or a change of necessaries, which, in that country, is always productive of great sickness: the difficulties that must arise in burning or destroying houses, in the construction of which wood formed no part, except what was covered with terras, the bricks so soft that no balls would make them fly; the extreme difficulty, even if we succeeded in occupying the town, of being able to keep possession of it, from the known inveteracy and number of the natives, of which I had some experience at Monte Video, unless we could leave a garrison sufficient to turn out all the inhabitants, who with difficulty could be restrained from firing on the troops at that time, and no doubt would oppose them to the utmost on every occasion; and, what was of very great consequence, the difficulty of supplying the troops from either the land or from the ships, the country inhabitants all shewing a disposition to rise upon us, and the river not favourable otherwise: when I called to mind the orders given to the commander in chief by his majesty's ministers, in which it was stated that the possession of the country was not an object, unless it could be obtained by a force we did not then pos-

sess, or that could be of any use if we had them; on all these considerations, my opinion decidedly was, to accept the best terms we could get, and to offer the terms to have six months allowed to withdraw our forces, and for the merchants to dispose of their goods. I communicated with General Gower, and a treaty was entered into, by which we were allowed two months only. The evacuation of Monte Video was positively insisted on by the enemy; the treaty was at length concluded, and sent to England.

On Wednesday, February 24, Major-General Lumley gave a very comprehensive detail of his marching up with the brigade under his command, and throwing themselves into the convent of St. Catharine's.

On the 21st day, Brigadier-General Lumley was examined, and stated the occurrences in the brigade he had the command of on the 5th of July, 1807, from their first marching off the ground that morning, 'till the final surrender on the afternoon of that day. In answer to several questions put by Lord Cathcart, Sir John Moore, and General Harris, it appeared, from the hour of the march to that of the surrender, he did not receive either orders or assistance from General Whitelocke, at head-quarters, at not much more than two miles distance.

Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes was next called, and gave evidence similar to the foregoing.

Lieutenant-Colonel Duff, who commanded the right wing of the 88th on that day, stated all the circumstances attending the unfortunate affair. He said, that with less than 100 men, he was in the middle of a town where every one was an enemy, from the native of Old Spain to the black slave, all armed, where they had plenty of artillery, well served, enfilading them in every way, and the small portion of effectives he had deficient in every respect for either attack or defence. He never did approve of the attack, circumstanced as it was, and more particularly disapproved of that part of the arrangement that related to taking the flints from the men's pieces. He was positively asked, if he had any reason to suppose that they had no spare flints at the head-quarters. He believed the contrary was the case, for no reason of that nature was given to them

On the 22d day, Major Vancieur, who commanded the left division of the 88th regiment, was examined as to the operations of that wing on the day of the attack. He stated the necessity he was under of surrendering his men prisoners of war, they being diminished in killed and wounded more than half the number.

Brigadier-General Craufurd was again examined at considerable length, as to various questions of opinion; first, if he had received any assitance from the commander in chief, by sending in the reserve, or by ordering Colonel Layard, with his corps,

corps, to join him, he would not be able to extricate himself? He had no doubt as to that point, as well from what he saw, as that he understood they might have advanced by going round the town, or by the water, without any material difficulty or probable loss.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*Memoirs of that eccentric Character, the late Lieutenant-Colonel John Mordaunt, of the Hon. East India Company's Madras Establishment.*

(Continued from Page 253.)

AT another time the hajam, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence of the highest atrocity; because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held while performing his duty, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The nabob, actuated by the common prejudice above described, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven, when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the condition was both ludicrous and whimsical. Balloons were just invented when this happened, and Colonel Martine, being very ingenious, had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a sudden laugh, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt, whose pleasure was extreme when he heard that, instead of being baked, the barber was to mount in the balloon, and to brush through the air, according as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled, the balloon being sent off from his highness's fore-court; the barber was carried more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

Mordaunt was little acquainted with the small sword, but was an excellent marksman, either with ball or small shot. With the latter he scarcely ever was seen to miss, and I have known him to come off winner when he has wagered to kill twenty snipes in as many shots; although he missed one bird, he made up for it by killing two that were sprung at the same moment, and which, flying across each other's directions, were shot at the point of intersection. He was one of three who, during one day, in the year 1786, shot such a quantity of

game, chiefly snipes and teal, as loaded a small boat which conveyed the birds from Gowgautchy to Calcutta. His favourite sport was tyger shooting, in which he was often very successful; being vigorous, spirited, and expert; all which qualifications are indispensably requisite in that noble branch of the chace.

With respect to his use of a pistol, it was wonderful! I have often competed with him, but without the smallest chance of winning; he has frequently laid five to one, though he confessed I sometimes trod close on his heels. I have, more than once, seen him hit a common brass-headed nail at fifteen yards; and I would always have wagered on his side, when the object was an inch in diameter!

A curious circumstance happened to him while at Lucknow. An officer had taken offence at something he had said, and talked much of calling him to an account. He went to Mordaunt's with a friend, and there detailed the cause of his visit, in terms not clothed in all the politeness the dictionary could have helped him to. He was heard very patiently, and after a very short explanation, found himself to be in the wrong. Mordaunt convinced him of his error, and reprimanded him for his manner of delivering himself on the occasion. After the matter was concluded, and they were perfectly reconciled, I happened to drop in to take a few shots, when the ability displayed by Mordaunt made his visitor look pale; he afterwards confessed to me, that it was well all was settled.

Yet, strange to say, when a few years after, Mordaunt and another gentleman engaged in a quarrel of a very serious nature, with a third, whom they had accused of some improper conduct at cards, he missed his adversary, who, on the other hand, wounded both Mordaunt and his friend desperately. This was not owing to agitation, but as Mordaunt expressed, in very curious terms, at the moment of missing, to the pistol being too highly charged.

While speaking of cards, I must again state, that he was acquainted with all the ordinary tricks in the shuffling, cutting, and dealing way. Of this an instance is well known. Mordaunt observed that one of his adversaries, at whist, was remarkably fortunate in his *own* deals; and, as he was rather a suspicious character, thought it needful to watch him. When Mordaunt came to deal, he gave himself thirteen trumps! This excited the curiosity of all, but particularly of the gentleman in question, who was very pointed in his observations on the singularity of the case; Mordaunt briefly said, "Sir, this was to show that you should not have all the fun to yourself," and, rising from his seat, left the black leg to ruminate on the obvious necessity of quitting India! Here, however, Mordaunt's goodness of heart was prevalent, for he obtained

a promise from the whole party to keep the secret, provided the offender instantly left the country; which he accordingly did by the first conveyance.

With respect to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, no man could be more ignorant than Mordaunt; at least he never shewed the least knowledge of any thing relating thereto. He kept no books, but all his money concerns were on scraps, and under terms and figures intelligible only to himself. He had many extensive claims on the nabob, and he had immense losses and gains to register in the I,O,U, way. Yet, even the most intricate cases never puzzled him; and, at settling times, he was rarely, if ever, found to be in error. This was one of the points in which he was apt to be peremptory; for no sooner did he hear a claim stated, which did not tally with his own peculiar mode of accounting, than he condemned it, in round terms, and would scarcely hear the attempt to substantiate, what he so decidedly denied.

It was well known that he could arrange the cards according to his pleasure, yet such was the general, I may say, universal opinion of his honour, that no one hesitated to play with him, sober or otherwise, for their usual stakes. His decision, in cases of differences, was generally final; and many references have been made to him, by letter, from very distant situations, regarding points in gaming.

His spirited detestation of any attempt at the undue exercise of authority, was manifested on various occasions; in one especially. A fives-court had been built by subscription, near the resident's house at Lucknow, and was considered as public property. A succeeding resident, who lately died immensely rich, took the liberty of pulling it down, as it interfered with that privacy he sought as a married man. In that point nobody would have differed from him; but as it was done without consent of, or even notice to the proprietors, or to the society then at the place, such an arbitrary proceeding naturally gave offence. None liked to stand forth, until Mordaunt, who was at the time of despoliation at Calcutta, returned, and insisted on another fives-court being built at the resident's expence, on a site more convenient to all parties.

A new court was accordingly built for four of a side; it was ninety feet over all, besides twelve feet of space beyond; the front wall was seventy feet high, and the court was forty feet broad. The inside was covered with black plaster, highly polished, and the floor terraced in a very superior manner.

Mordaunt was so much master of his racket, and was so vigorous, that he would always wager on hitting the line from the over-all, a distance of thirty yards, once in three times. He could beat most people with a common round ruler.

If

If he ever did indulge in mischief, it was at this game, when his best friends were sure to receive some smart tokens of remembrance! I have had a ball or two from him, occasionally, which kept my back in a glow for hours. But he used to be terribly severe on a very worthy, good-natured civilian, Mr. Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to Colonel, now Major-General, Palmer, who was for some years resident at the nabob's court.

Being on a brotherly footing, Mr. Taylor used to take these unpleasant raps, as every body else did, in good humour; and endeavoured, though not with equal success, to pay Mordaunt in his own coin. One evening he received so many, and so forcible repetitions of the joke, that he requested of Mordaunt to discontinue it. The latter, however, did not desist, but soon after gave Mr. Taylor such a blow, as exasperated him highly, and induced him in rather a vindictive tone, to declare, if he were hit again, his racket should be thrown at Mordaunt's head. This threat produced a whimsical scene, for Mordaunt coolly told Mr. Taylor, that if he threw his racket, he would give him a good drubbing. Mr. Taylor no sooner heard the reply, than he fired with indignation; and said, that "as between gentlemen, suppositions were considered as facts, Mordaunt might consider the racket he threw to the ground as being thrown at his head." Very well, Sackville," answered Mordaunt, very drily, "then you may consider this aim I have taken with my racket, as being with a pistol, and that I have shot you dead!" Mr. Taylor was proceeding with his intentions, when Mordaunt observing to him, that as he was, according to his own suppositions, dead, of course he could not speak; and therefore, nothing further could be said or heard on his part. The whole party present, who were chagrined to see the smallest difference between two worthy men, joined in the laugh with Mordaunt, and in silencing his dead opponent, who speedily was restored to life, and to good humour!

This curious controversy, afterwards called the metaphysical duel, was often significantly quoted, or alluded to, on occasions where matters, that went to extremity in the cabinet, ended tamely in the field!

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## *Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year* 1805.

(Concluded from Page 257.)

FREE-TOWN is laid out very regular; whatever wind may bow the inhabitants are sure to have no obstruction from

it: the houses and huts are built of wood or mud, and well thatched with straw, projecting some distance from the wall, and raised above it to admit free air in the rainy season. This thatch is always renewed once a year, and this process, at the same time, destroys the white rat which harbours in it. Each house has a small garden at its back; containing orange plantations, paw paw, apples, pepper, ginger, &c. &c. but their larger plantations are at some distance from the town. The pleasantest and most common nut here, and which is found in great quantities, is the ground nut, a pound of which is worth about two-pence: they boil and dry them before they expose them for sale. There is a good hospital here; and while I remained it had only one surgeon, who, though he pays the greatest attention, is not able to do justice to the great number of inhabitants. As to the schools, I fear they will be of little utility, unless good masters, with liberal salaries, are sent out.

Most of the inhabitants are methodists; and on a Sunday, not only the black men preach, but the women also. For the smallness of the place, there are more public houses by far, than in any town I ever saw in England. It has a mayor, alderman, sheriff, and common council, and is governed by the same laws as England. Over the stocks is the pillory, which is different from our's, in being placed horizontally. Their greatest enemies are the Timmanees; with whom they have had several wars. Their own people, the American blacks, rebelled some years ago; but were reduced by the accidental landing of the Maroons just in the critical moment. The latter are a brave set of men, who well deserve every encouragement of the settlers. Two of the ringleaders in this rebellion were tried, condemned, and executed. So suddenly was the attack of the Timmanees, who at this time were to have been joined by the above-mentioned rebels, that they had nearly carried the settlement, having actually got among the houses. Mr. Ludlow, the acting governor, to whom we were much obliged both before and after our capture, related the following anecdote. One of King Tom's wives had a grisgris, made by one of their magicians; she was to hold two bottles of water in her hands, and was to dance in the front, and to sprinkle the water about; this charm was to damp our powder. She tried this experiment, until a shot broke her arm; when she let fall the bottles, and ran screaming away. After the action, on asking some of the prisoners what they thought of our manner of attack, they answered, "You don't fight like men, fire and have done, but you poke'em, poke'em," alluding to the charge with the bayonet. As to the American settlers, they have not nor ever will forget the shock they felt on the landing of the Maroons; their savage warlike appearance struck them with dismay;

dismay; even the girls can still scarcely speak to each other with common civility. In the Maroon girl you evidently see the consciousness of freedom, while the unfortunate American, in her mind, feels yet the lash of an unfeeling master. The character of the latter is liberal and profuse, while the Maroon is saving even to parsimony; these may be called the permanent settlers of Sierra Leone.

An unfortunate Maroon woman lost her husband by the bursting of a shell; for some time a small pension was allowed, but of late it has been stopped; for what reason I could not learn. The governor ought to be particular in seeing the widows and children of those who fall in defence of the colony provided for, and not left to want and misery, subject to every insult, without power of retribution. What a heartfelt satisfaction must it be to see at the widow's feast, the poor as well as the rich!

The following annual custom prevails here. The rich widows once a year meet and give a great dinner, in the field, with porter and wine, to the governors; each one cooking and providing a certain number of dishes. The feast ends with their usual favourite diversions of country dances, in which some of them excel; and the unfortunate Yarico I before mentioned is an instance.

The palm-tree is here one of the greatest blessings, producing oil and wine; with the former they rub themselves all over; and it likewise serves them for sauce, as they eat it almost with every thing. The wine I have before mentioned, is not at all ungrateful, and its deep yellow gives a rich appearance to the dish. They have one dish peculiar to them, as I believe all nations have; this they call palaver sauce; it is composed of fowls, stewed rice, palm oil, and Cayenne pepper, with which the whole is so highly seasoned, that few Europeans can swallow it. This dish the ladies frequently make for their husbands against their return.

The word bush is very common among them; indeed they are so partial to it they use it on all occasions. If they want to hide themselves, it is in the bush! If to perform the tender office of examining each other's heads, it is done in the bush! if wanting medicines, they take them in the bush! To sum up the whole of their characters, that they are jealous is true, and that left to themselves, they are a most hospitable, good-natured, harmless set of beings. As to converting them to Christianity, that I believe is a task not easily performed; for they are not to be divested of the superstitious rites in which they are brought up; one of the principal of which is, their belief in the magical effects of the red water; which I will illustrate by an anecdote. A poor girl, in her native town, was suspected of witchcraft, which is here punished in the same manner as poisoning.

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If they plead not guilty, they are to drink a certain quantity of red water, the composition of which I could not learn. If they do not swell soon after, they are considered innocent; on the contrary, if they do, they are sure to die, and their relations are sold for slaves. This girl made her escape to Freetown; in consequence of which she was converted, and became free. Notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to return, and to undergo the trial of the red water; so strong was her former way of life impressed on her mind, which might perhaps be strengthened by a wish of being with her friends and countrymen.

I am extremely sorry to find, the natives do not now, as heretofore, send their children to the Sierra Leone schools; this object might be promoted by allowing them to return when educated.

If a king or any other person goes to a factory, or slave-ship, and procures articles which he is not at that time able to pay for, he sends his wife, sister, or child, as a pawn, putting a tally round their necks; the child then runs among the slaves until exchanged; and it is an invariable custom never to take these pawns away; but should any accident occur, as with the Trio, they immediately send the pawns on shore. The captain of the Trio had a female pawn on board, when the French squadron appeared, and he sent her on shore to her friends. As he behaved with such honour, he can again return; but had he not, no Englishman would have been again allowed to trade. Should any other vessel come from that place, they will deliver to him the slave for the pawn. If a vessel takes off any slaves without paying for them, they will detain the captain of the next vessel which arrives, until the full debt is paid. At Tasso Island, I saw a great number of pawns with their tallies.

On the 10th of February we got under weigh for England, and the ship was immediately put upon short allowance of water. Sunday, the 16th, we were obliged to punish three men for stealing water, it being now a crime of the most atrocious nature; and if not immediately stopped might, in the end, be productive of the loss of the cartel. Nothing particular happened until the 20th, when such an immense shoal of porpoises swam round, that the sea appeared covered with them, as far as our large glasses could reach; and soon a fin-back whale made his appearance, and swam some time under our bows. This was in lat. 9. 56. long. 19. 2. We were still on one quart of water a day.

March 2d. Several flying fish flew on board. We let the people bathe, always lowering a boat down, and keeping a good look out.

March 6th. We fell in with his majesty's ship Woolwich, bound to the East Indies, who made us a present of some English corn, beef, and potatoes, a present to us highly acceptable, as also a supply of water. We sent six men in her, among which was our old steward; the captain of the Woolwich was at this time lying dead.

March 29th. Saw land about Cape Clear, N.E. by N. seven or eight miles; took on board a pilot, and came to anchor in Crook Haven. We had no sooner anchored than the vessel was surrounded with boats, bartering for old clothes or rice. This sudden change from short allowance of salt provisions to fresh, I was fearful would have produced some serious consequences, but I was happily disappointed. I thought the men would never have been satisfied. Milk, eggs, broiled fowls, &c. were all day long in a state of requisition between decks; and though there was not room for the men to lay side by side, yet now they made room for fresh messmates, and the ship was crouded with young pigs, turkies, geese, ducks, &c. as well as lambs; the whole presenting such a scene, as it is impossible to describe; the cooks were at work all day long, and all these luxuries were independent of their fresh beef.

Here the mate and surgeon of the Trio deserted, when under weigh, it being rather calm. The captain had sent the boat a-head to tow, with two men and a boy, but instead of which, they pulled ashore, and ran away. We had no firearms, nor any other boat, and were unable to prevent their escape.

On the 8th of April we came to anchor at Falmouth, with feelings which it would not be easy to describe, after the sufferings which, in so short a time, we had experienced. I believe the most dissolute man on board the cartel returned heartfelt thanks to providence, for being once more restored in safety to his native land.

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## SHORT ACCOUNT *of* ST. DAVID.

ST. DAVID was a man of great respect, fame, and dignity, in his days, of royal descent, and, according to popish legends, many miracles are said to have been performed by him. His father was a prince, and lord of Cardigan, brother to Einion y-dewr, or the valiant king of Cambria, and was a nephew to King Arthur. He was very learned, and abstemious to austerity. He lived to the age of 147 years, and died A. D. 642. He was canonized a saint by Pope Calisus II. in the year 1119, 477 years after his death. His nativity was foretold thirty years before he was born. He by a miracle made hot the Bath water, in Somersetshire, which still retains that quality.

quality. It is also asserted, that he had an angel always attending him. The above, and many more, are popish stories. It is true he was a very learned man, prudent and sagacious, very diligent and active in his profession.

He received his education in the great college at Monmouth, and after leaving the university, he visited Polinus, or Paulhen, at the Isle of Wight; after continuing there for a long while, he returned to Monmouth, and lived at a monastery there, of his own erection. After this he travelled to Rome and to Jerusalem, in company with the Saints Teilaw and Padarn. On their return they attended a synod, summoned by Dubritius, or Dufrig, archbishop of Caerlleon, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy, which at that time had spread itself alarmingly in the Christian world. David, by his consummate erudition, deep knowledge in the scriptures, and his eloquent reasonings, exposed the fallacy of that famous doctrine. After this, Dufrig being then very old, resigned his episcopal charge to St. David, and retired to the great monastery at Enlli, or Bardsey Island, and there he died and was buried. David after this removed the archiepiscopal chair from Caerlleon ar Wysg to Mynw, now St. David's, about the year 521, and it continued an archiepiscopal see to the 11th century, when it was, by Henry I. king of England, made subject to Canterbury, and continues so to this day.

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## An ANECDOTE.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, who was a strenuous advocate for peace, in his correspondence with Cardinal de Fleury tells some curious truths.

"I am hard put to keep these folks from fighting, not that they are fully determined for war, but because I am inclined to peace. Our English must always skirmish in the field of Mars, or on the benches of Westminster."—Again

"I pay a subsidy to one half the parliament to keep it within pacific bounds; but as the king has not money enough, and as those to whom I have given none declare themselves openly for war, it would be proper for your eminence to send me three millions tournois, for lowering the voice of those who cry loudest. Gold is here, a metal that has a prodigious effect in cooling hot blood and martial spirits. There is no impetuous warrior in the parliament, but a pension of two thousand pounds would make him exceeding gentle. Besides, if England declares herself, you will be obliged to pay in subsidies to powers for making the balance, without reckoning that the successes of war may be uncertain; whereas, by sending me money, you will purchase peace at the first hand."

## HUNTING PARTY.

THE following remarkable hunting party was made by the Emperor Francis I. in 1755: there were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted for eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and of wild deer, of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, and 54 other birds. The emperor fired 9798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9011: in all there were 116,209 shots fired.

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## BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

THIS is the day on which my being commenced, and which, therefore, involves in it many important particulars. I entered the world in the most helpless state, and must be trained into life with the greatest tenderness and care. At first, I must be watched day and night; and it is by slow degrees, and after many years of patient attention, before I can be confided to my own care and keeping, if I am permitted to reach the years of manhood. I am destined to form a link in the long connected chain of society; and shall either be the joy or grief of my parents, a comfort or disgrace to my friends, and an honour or shame to my country.

My birth-day reminds me of many moral or social facts; it seems to say, that, as I have an intellectual nature, I ought to consider, whether I have, according to my opportunities, so strengthened my mind by the improvement of its faculties, so fortified it by virtuous principles, as in some good measure to answer the great design of my being, and thereby endeavoured to secure my present and future happiness. The return of every birth-day should set me upon this solemn examination; and should, likewise, influence me to enter upon resolutions of amending what has been amiss, and of making further advances in whatever will improve my nature and my state.

There is nothing which should excite me to so much diligence in every thing that is praiseworthy, as the return of my birth-day, as that announces to me how quickly my years pass away; and admonishes me, that upon the successive arrival of each, fewer still remain; so that the return of a birth-day reports not only what is past, but affords wholesome instructions as to what is to come; it bids me prepare for the future eternal consequences of my present actions, and urges me to endeavour to gain an exalted felicity in another world.

*Answer, by Alphonso, of St. Austell, to J. Joyce's Rebus, inserted February* 1.

MAINTENANCE, Sirs, I have found out,
Which is your answer, without doubt.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Verdurina, of Wendron; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

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*Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Ryan's Anagram, inserted the 8th of February.*

AGATE's the precious stone you mean,
And GAETA is the town I ween.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.

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*Answer, by Verdurina, of Wendron, to Adrianus's Charade, inserted February* 8.

A PITCH-PIPE I think in your lines you conceal'd;
If so 'tis a mystery I now have reveal'd.

☞ Similar answers have been also received from G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; S Paull, and J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Alphonso, of St. Austell; a fifer of the South Devonshire Militia; W. Woon, of Grampound; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; and W. Kent, of Camelford.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. A Dyer, of Taunton.*

YE skilful gents. transpose aright
What's us'd to lift a pond'rous weight;
And if 'tis done without mistake,
You'll bring to light a country wake;
One letter change, but not transpose,
A mason's tool you'll soon disclose.

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*A* CHARADE, *by H. Ellis, of Exeter.*

MY first throughout each varied scene
Is seen in youthful years;
My next is clad in verdure green,
How lovely it appears!

Those parts an English poet name,
Who fills th' enlighten'd page;
Whose works are holden up by fame,
The mirror of the age.

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☞ *Postage of letters must be paid, or their contents will be disregarded.*

ERRATUM.—*In the rebus by J. Melhuish, inserted March* 14, *in the sixth line, for* coin *read* tree.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## *The* BLIND SOLDIER.

OH pity a soldier! and hear his sad story,
Who fought, his dear country and king to defend;
Who once saw the sun in the height of its glory,
Who once was possess'd of a wife and a friend.
To Egypt's fam'd plains, where the cannon did rattle,
Thro' the waves was I wafted swift by the brisk wind;
There, undaunted, I brav'd the fatigues of the battle,
My breast only felt for my partner behind.

But my wife, thro' my absence both linger'd and died,
And left a young infant her loss to deplore;
My friend in the conflict was slain by my side;
My eyesight I lost by the sand on the shore.
Back to England I came, both forlorn and dejected,
But my dear native scenes I could not behold;
And the world by my story was scarcely affected,
Unheeded, unpity'd my sufferings I told.

Thro' the city I wander, and ask your relief,
By my juvenile daughter I daily am led;
She soothes my affliction, assuages my grief,
And softens the cares that hang over my head.
Oh pity a soldier, whose heart's fraught with sorrow,
In compassion, ye rich, pray a trifle bestow;
My life it may end ere the dawn of to-morrow,
Oh aid a blind soldier, and lessen his woe!

*London.* A. KYNE, Jun.

## ADDRESS *to* ELIZA.

YOU call yourself my friend, and say
You glory in the name;
But tell me, can you in the day
When poverty in dread array,
With sorrow, drives each smile away,
Preserve the sacred flame?

Can you weep with me in distress?
Rejoice with me in joy?
Will you my injur'd fame redress,
The voice of calumny repress,
And strive by friendship's fond caress
Vexation to destroy?

Will you, when fortune turns her wheel,
Refuse with her to bend?
When flatterers from my fire-side steal
At golden shrines elsewhere to kneel,
Will you the wounds of self-love heal,
And still remain my friend?

When

When sickness warns me to desist
From life's gay bustling day,
Will you to soothe my pain assist,
Of symptoms hear the daily list,
Nor from my pillow e'er be miss'd,
While beams the vital ray?

And when at last, in terrors dress'd,
Death clouds each earthly view,
Will you, in memory's hallow'd vest,
Seek the lone spot where I may rest,
And drop a tear? the last sad test
Of friendship pure and true.

LAURETTA.

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## ADDRESS *to* SLEEP.

[From Logan's Poems.]

IN vain I court, 'till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless, from side to side I turn;
Arise, ye musings of the morn?

Oh sleep! tho' banish'd from these eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear,
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night 'till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

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*Epigram, written on the Occasion of a Gentleman's inheriting an Eſtate by the Death of an Aunt.*

SAYS Jack to Tom, the other day,
As thro' the street they sped,
"I'm sorry if (as people say)
"Your poor, dear aunt is dead."
Tom thus, in merry mood, replied,
And laugh'd in Johnny's face,
"What matter, tho' my aunt has died?
"I've *ten-ants* in her place."